

Vanilla Twilight

by Kemarin

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Summary: A Jack Frost x Hiccup Fan fic :) Rated T for now, unsure of where this will go if I'm honest :) . 'I'll watch the night turn light blue, but it's not the same without you because it takes two to whisper quietly...The silence isn't so bad, until I look at my hands and feel sad; because the spaces between my fingers are right where yours fit perfectly.' Full Summary inside :)

1. Chapter 1 - Waist Deep In Thought

****A/N:** YAY! First chapter of my Jack Frost x Hiccup fanfic :) I hope it's not too slow for people - I wanted to include as much atmosphere as possible and I don't want to rush things between them. I've read a lot of fanfics that jump into Hiccup being able to see Jack straight off; and I don't want this fic to be like that. I want to build up to that moment and I want to explore more how Jack will come to deal with his emotions for Hiccup thinking that he will never be able to exist for him or the people of Berk. ******

****But yeah, I hope you guys like this! :D I will be continuing it so hopefully you can get into it and hopefully I can keep the characters IN character as effectively as possible :3****

****Please read and review! :D I'd love to hear what you think!****

****Also of course I own none of the characters or places this takes place just the storyline :3 ENJOY!~~~****

Summary:

_The Isle of Berk is one of Jack Frost's favourite places. And when he comes across an odd young Viking attempting to train a dragon he soon becomes interested enough to stay and keep observing. Throughout their time together, Jack has learnt a lot about Hiccup and slowly but surely it becomes harder and harder for him to continue on his

never-ending purposeless life. What is it about this boy that keeps him so entranced? If only Hiccup could see him, touch him...Maybe he could figure things out. Set in Berk, currently before the Vikings become fully fledged allies with the dragons and before Hiccup is able to see Jack. _

Chapter One "Waist Deep In Thought"

Berk. It was always either snowing or hailing there. Jack Frost had been around for so long that he had forgotten if he visited here so often because of this fact, or if this was only fact because he visited the small island so often. The beautiful island fascinated Jack. He always felt his heart tug him towards it whenever he flew over and couldn't really tell anyone the reason. There was no secret; but just like most things about his existence it was a mystery to him. It was beautiful, of course " but this was true of many of the places Jack loved to go. The inhabitants of the island were stubborn and bold " big, burly Vikings, whom had settled there many years ago " since before Jack could remember. He liked to watch them, and observe how they reacted to his mischief. A smirk would always settle on his icy features whenever one of the gigantic beings fell for one of his pranks. Ice slips, snow balls to the face, frosted over sails " all pranks Jack loved to play.

Jack spent a lot of his time on Berk enticing the children into playing in the snow. As Jack observed, from a young age Viking children were expected to behave a certain way and fulfil a certain stature. He made it his duty to make the children of the island forget this " so that they could play and have fun " how Jack felt and knew children should act. He'd often catch the children busy with their chores when the adults weren't around and start nipping at their noses to create an atmosphere of mischief and fun. Just one snowball and he could have them laughing and throwing themselves into all out snow wars. Jack would often catch himself joining in quite profusely " hanging from nearby trees sneakily planning every attack all with a mischievous grin plastered on his face.

When all the fun was had and the children soaked from head to toe Jack would always admire his work. He had created this fun, and yet nobody would ever know. Jack would always have to face the inevitable conclusion " ever since he could remember no one had ever been able to see him. He would try to reach out to those around him " through conversation or occasionally physical contact " but of course this never worked. As always, the children would walk right through him. As if he really didn't exist. Sadness would fill him, and his grin would sag, into a sad but accepting frown. His brows furrowed in an all too familiar heartache. Even after three hundred years " the pain was still the same; the loneliness still vivid in his heart. Jack dealt with this the only way he knew how. He would shake his snow-white locks away from his face, gently lift his ice-encased staff and fly into the tree tops to plan his next legendary prank. After all, he had a job to do " and even if no-one knew about it " even if he didn't know why he had to do it - he could still get some good laughs out of it.

Today was like most days. Jack was walking through one of the many forests surrounding the small village of Berk casting frost ferns against the wood of the trees. The sun was shining for once; and it glistened beautifully against last night's snow fall. Jack grinned peacefully to himself as he thought of the blizzard that had been

raging only a few hours ago. It was amazing how existence could change so quickly and frequently. Jack twirled his staff in hand whilst trying to decide what to do with his day. He knew that the children of Berk would be busy with their chores and he didn't feel much like getting them into trouble today. Maybe he would leave the day to peacefully melt the snow and instead pack up and fly to his next adventure.

After walking through the forest for a fair while, Jack came to a beautiful clearing. It appeared to be protected from the falling snow yesterday as it had saplings and greenery in abundance, along with a steady and undisturbed lake of water. It was a small alcove, private and intimate. Jack pondered on how he had spent so much time on Berk and never noticed this place before. His bare feet felt comfortable against the grass and his ice blue eyes scanned the area without caution. Walking further into the clearing, Jack noticed something from his peripheral vision.

A boy, not much younger than him, was cautiously making his way into the clearing from a different entrance. He bore a fish in one hand and a sketch pad in the other. Walking slowly towards this other boy, Jack noticed a gleam of fear in the boy's eyes. He pondered on what the boy could be doing. He was clearly Viking; but just in the sense of his dress and location. He wore a pale green tunic and a yak skin coat. He had fur lined boots and was definitely prepared for the winter in a Viking-like way. Being where he was, he must have originated from Berk. It was the only village on the small island, and there would be no reason for him finding this clearing unless he lived close. The clearing was pretty well hidden due to the natural foliage surrounding it; so surely only a local would be able to find it on foot. The boy's stature was quite un-Viking-like however. At least compared to the Vikings Jack had observed before now. The boy was thin, and shorter than himself. He did not give off an air of brute force or closed-minded-ness like the other Vikings Jack had observed either.

Jack twirled his staff in his hand out of habit and stalked even closer to the odd Viking. With narrow eyes he encircled the brown haired boy in order to take more of him in.

"What are you doing? Shouldn't you be at Dragon training?" Jack asked obnoxiously, knowing full well that the Viking would not hear him let alone reply. From studying the island of Berk he had noticed that the island contained one of the most unique creatures Jack had ever laid eyes on: Dragons. He believed, possibly unfortunately, that the residents of Berk had made it a personal vendetta to destroy these creatures. Vikings of this odd boy's age were often sent to 'Dragon Training', where they were taught all the techniques Berk knew about slaying them. Jack had noted that the dragons did have a habit of helping themselves to the Vikings' food storages and occasionally burning down their homes. He could see why the war raged on between the two species, but, with some confusion, disagreed with it. In his position he was in no way able to change the tide of their fates; but he still couldn't help but observe with regret.

The brown haired boy had managed to edge his way to the water's edge; all the while with Jack inches from him without his knowledge. He tentatively held the stinking fish with one hand; too focused on his task to care.

"Okay, okay" he breathed to himself quietly.

"You know talking to yourself is one of the first signs of insanity." Jack smugly chimed at the boy. The irony was not lost on him; he simply had no one to share it with. Kneeling down with his staff clasped in his hand; Jack's eyes grew wide as he saw what had manifested itself on the rock behind the strange brown-haired boy. "You better turn around soon." He warned ineffectively.

A low-toned growl caused the brown-haired Viking to turn swiftly and stiffen his body slightly. The black beast slithered down the rock towards the Viking and Jack slowly and warily. It sniffed the air cautiously and eyed the fish in the Viking's hands hungrily. Jack had never seen a dragon of this type before. It was sleek and beautiful. It had thick, black scales and massive green eyes. The eyes had thin, slicked pupils; possibly so small due to the creature's reluctance to trust the Viking before him. Jack couldn't blame the beast. Jack came to stand between them, sure that neither of them would be disturbed by his presence. He was curious as to how this would play out. He'd never seen a Viking get so close to a dragon without brandishing a weapon before.

The brown-haired teen gulped nervously as he offered the fish to the black dragon. He received a deep, thundering growl in return, to which the Viking retreated his hand swiftly. Jack watched as the other boy seemed to scan the area for ideas. His eyes were a deep emerald, much warmer in colour than the ones that were watching him. As if an idea clicked in his mind unexpectedly, the boy quickly turned his head up to look at the dragon. He reached cautiously for something inside his tunic. Jack couldn't help standing up and walking over to see what he was doing. Narrow-eyed he watched the boy intensely.

Glinting inside his tunic was a small dagger. The dragon emitted a howl of disapproval, and went to back away bearing its teeth.

"Whoa bud, whoa." The boy cooed. He grabbed the knife tentatively.

"Oh yeah, I'm sure that'll do the trick." Jack added to the atmosphere sarcastically. To Jack's surprise, the other boy flicked the knife to the floor. With his foot he kicked the knife straight into the water; leaving himself defenceless. To both of the boys' surprise the black dragon purred affectionately and sat down on his hind legs. It looked expectantly at the fish in the Viking's hand and licked its lips excitedly.

Jack had spun himself round to inspect the black dragon. Even knowing the beast could not sense him there or experience his presence, he felt nervous approaching the giant creature.

"Well, you're friendlier than I had expected." Jack chirped. "I wonder how good a fort you'd make in a snowball fight?" He grinned slyly. He went to take a step closer only to see a fish fly through him and land wetly on the ground in front of the beast. He looked down and blinked twice at it; only to see the winged reptile pounce in front of him and gobble it down in seconds. "You eat like a duck!" Jack yelped as he flailed backwards slightly as if to avoid the creature's head as he swung up to swallow his dinner. A look of slight disappointment settled on his features as the black dragon excitedly

purred and shifted his way through Jack and towards the brown-haired Viking. Turning around Jack smiled at the scene before him.

"I don't have anymore!" The Viking squeaked as the beast prowled towards him affectionately. He was backed into another rock and looked up at the beast. Sitting down he started smiling kindly towards the creature. Jack shook his head whilst smiling. He liked this boy. Compared to the other Vikings Jack had observed this boy was kind and gentle. He seemed to want to learn about the world around him. Jack felt a connection to this boy's innocence shared his curiosity.

"Huh, I could have sworn a Night Fury should have teethâ€¦!" Shortly after the boy stated this the Night Fury opened its huge jaws close to the Viking's face. Jack's facial features exerted some worry as he knelt down next to the brown-haired boy for a better view of the situation. The dragon, did in fact, have teeth. Lots of them, bright white and sharp. Jack held his staff up in between the brown-haired boy and the dragon instinctively. He wasn't sure what he was doing â€" it's not like he could protect the boy if things got out of hand. He wasn't a guardian; and this boy wasn't a child. He couldn't help himself from feeling a knot in his stomach at the thought however. Within a few seconds the Night Fury started to make gagging sounds. Much to both the boys' disgust the dragon hacked up half of the fish he had eaten just a few moments before. It landed sloppily in the Viking's lap; coated in wet, gooey saliva.

Jack looked up at the Night Fury with confusion. The skinny Viking boy did much the same; only his looks were returned with lucid green eyes; much softer and open than they had been before.

"Really?" He questioned. Jack was still dumbfounded. What could the dragon have meant with this gesture? The white haired winter sprite was starting to realise that even with all of this time on Berk he had not really studied the dragons as well as he thought. Admitting to himself honestly; he preferred the human inhabitants of the Island. They were much more suggestible to a good snowball fight. Dragons were too hot; always melting things and using their inner fire to keep the cold out.

Before Jack could snap himself from his thoughts he noticed the boy next to him had taken a huge bite out of the fish that had been regurgitated for him and was smiling goofily at the huge reptile. Jack had to withhold a gag.

"Not exactly what I would have decided to do, kid." He stated bluntly. It was only now he had realised he was close enough to the boy to almost pass through him. He had inadvertently inched closer to the Viking during this encounter and his staff was still resting between the boy and the Night Fury. Huffing out cold air Jack returned his staff to his side and yanked himself to his feet. He continued to watch as the two smiled awkwardly at each other. The dragon making an imitation of the awkward Viking made Jack laugh. Although he had a mouth of teeth before, the dragon appeared to have retracted them during this gesture.

"Interesting talent." Jack noted. He turned to the Viking boy and chuckled gingerly at the boy's equally awkward attempt at social contact.

"And I thought I was the most socially awkward teenager of the bunch." He chuckled to himself.

The Viking boy now reached out his hand towards the Night Fury, looking away as he approached. In a touching moment of understanding the Night Fury tilted his head towards the boy's outstretched hand and rested it upon his palm. Jack was impressed. He leaned on his frosted staff and smiled genuinely at the two. Maybe there was someone on this Island interesting enough to keep him here longer after all.

Jack made an inward decision to continue observing this boy and his newfound companion, at least for a little while. It'd been a long time since he'd found someone quite so interesting; and quite so odd. He felt glad inside that he had found some sort of distraction from his never-ending self-questioning.

****A/N:****

****Eeeep, sorry I realised I changed a few things from the movie; hope you guys don't mind! :D Please rate and review 3 Love you all!~****

2. Chapter 2 - Atmosphere

****A/N: :D Thank you all so much for your reviews they were amazing! I'm so glad you like it so far and I really hope you like this chapter :D Please review with what you think! Love you all! ~****

Chapter Two " Atmosphere

The brunette did not stay too much longer in the clearing after his encounter with the black dragon. As far as Jack knew, this was a complete first for the small Viking village of Berk. He thought of the idea of the village discovering the boy's secret encounter. It would be likely that the boy would be deemed insane, or at least a traitor, to go against such a basic and natural instinct. Jack found himself questioning this boy as well. The Vikings he had observed in the past had always come over as steadfast in their ideals and stubborn in their motives that this was completely new to him.

He was so un-viking-like in stature and appearance - was he completely unrelated to them in personality and inner-thought as well? From what Jack had witnessed, it would be inconceivable to believe the boy was a Viking at all had it not been for his close proximity to the small village and the clothing he wore so comfortably.

The Night Fury had returned to the safety of rocks surrounding the alcove pool now and lay still; facing the opposite way to the boy. Jack swaggered forward from his position leaning dangerously forward on the staff when he stopped short of the Viking-teen. As he leant even further forward on the frosted wood his feet slowly started to float up into the air, until it were as if he was lying down on his stomach, only in the air. Both his hands were still grasping the wood where he leant his cheek upon it, watching the boy from his slightly elevated position.

The Viking was still sitting, as if frozen in his place. He had opened a leather bound book on his lap, but the pages it was opened on were completely blank. A charcoal pencil rested balanced in the palm of the boy's relaxed hands. Jack assumed simply that the reality of the brown haired boy had done had hit him suddenly and his mind was working in overload in order to process everything accurately. Jack knew that his mind was racing to consider the implications and consequences of what he had just done.

All of a sudden his eyes started darting back and forth, as if searching for something in the large clearing. Jack leant his face closer to the curious behaviour before him, wanting to get a closer look. He cocked his head to the side and peered at the erratic flitting eyes before him. Without warning the boy Jack was watching shot up from the floor and started sprinting out of the clearing like startled game. The sheer surprise was enough to make Jack lurch back from his position. His features played quizzical notes on his expression.

'What on earth was that about?' he thought privately, one eyebrow raised towards the exit the Viking took. Out of habit, he kicked the bottom of his staff with his foot causing it to spin effortlessly in his right hand. Sauntering forward he allowed the top part of the staff, which slightly resembled the shape of a crescent moon, come to a rest on his shoulder as he huffed and smirked to himself.

Stuffing two fingers into his mouth he let out a rather loud two-toned whistle, knowing full well he was the only one that would be able to hear it.

"Oi, reptile, I'll be off aswell." He grinned, "I can't miss the fun of when they find out about you." He received no response, as expected.

Bracing himself, Jack's body caught the wind and he drifted swiftly upward towards the sky. None too gracefully he managed to eventually level out as his speed increased. His body spun and twisted in tune with the wind. His snow-white hair quivered against the force of the wind as he flew and Jack absorbed himself in the fun with cheering out into the vast sky. Jack loved flying more than anything. More than the snow days, more than the kids he played with, more than the blizzards and ice he conjured at will. Up far in the sky, nobody could roam. He could allow himself a moment to forget the reality that lay below him where he was forced to sit on the side lines, always watching from the outside in. A reality he was close enough to touch and one where he could have some small, and insignificant effect, but not one where he would ever be recognised, believed in or loved.

Jack felt his existence was a sad one - if his life was what you could call an existence. He would always find ways to distract himself from these sad thoughts, but after the many years he had spent stranded in between not being able to die, and yet not being able to truly live, he found more and more the thoughts would invade his system.

'My name is Jack Frost,' He thought to himself inwardly, 'I know this because the Moon told me so.'

"But that's all he told me!" The happiness he felt whilst he was

flying deflated instantly once he landed in Berk. His face was distorted into a frown and his eyes glassed over with sadness. He shook his head and scowled at himself. Trying to evade the thoughts that always lingered in the back of his mind, Jack forced his bare feet to move through the village casually as he tried to regain his usually fun self. The village was bustling with energy as the Vikings busied themselves with their day to day chores. The younger children were also getting involved, following their parents and helping to move the heaps of snow that landed the night before. Jack ducked and dodged around them with a mischievous grin spreading across his face.

Forgetting his worries, Jack busied himself with creating mischief and fun around the small secluded village. He blew cold air into his hands, creating perfectly spherical snowballs and would lob them with complete accuracy at the youngest of the children, causing an outright snow war between them. Whenever the adults tried to stop them creating their forts or aiming their attacks Jack would discreetly cause them to slip on an unseen patch of ice straight back out of the way. Laughing heartily along with them Jack completely forgot about his decision to follow the Viking teen from before. He was only snapped back to his previous duty when he saw the teen Viking walking stiffly across the way from him.

Dropping a snowball mid-throw, and straightening back out his clothes from his bustling, he walked directly over the brown-haired boy. He could see from the look in his eyes he was unhappy about something, and the pace of his walk suggested he was in a hurry to be somewhere.

"Oi, Hiccup!" Both boys turned to see where the sound had originated. The brown haired boy signed placidly once he caught eye of a group of other Vikings, possibly around his age. Jack raised an eyebrow to the boy beside him

"Hiccup? Really, that's your name?" He chuckled at him. He thought of how all of the other names he'd heard being spoken around the village seemed quite odd too, although a lot more fearsome usually. A big, burly teenager had come to stand in front of the Viking addressed as Hiccup now, towering over him by at least a head of height. Jack himself was just as tall, but as he thought to himself he was nowhere near as menacing. Behind the big Viking stood two others, whom almost looked identical except for their genders.

"Did another one of your inventions screw up again? The adults are flying all over the place!" The bigger teen grunted with a grin.

"No, Snotlout, I don't know what's going on here." Hiccup retorted. "Maybe your stench caused them to run away and slip in the process?"

"Whatever, Fishbone. Just wait for dragon training today, you know we're meant to be going against a Gronkle today. I bet you don't last 10 seconds!" He guffawed at his own statement and turned back to the other two for approval. They both laughed alongside the bigger Viking like obedient dogs. Jack just watched with his staff supporting him as the Viking teenagers had little to no effect on Hiccup. Their insults just seemed to slide right off of his back.

"Well, if you're done guys I think I'll head to the arena, you know, want to get first pick of the weapons and allâ€" Jack caught the hint of a sly smirk in Hiccup's eyes. He was trying to bait them into leaving. '_Cleverâ€' _Jack thought with his own smirk gracing his face.

The others took the bait well, and shoved Hiccup to the ground in order to get ahead of him on his way to the arena. One out of range, Hiccup laughed to himself shortly and proceeded with this journey. It turned out Hiccup had not been heading in the direction of the arena at all, but to a small wooden hut on one of the various hills dotted throughout the village. Jack could feel the heat radiating from inside the building and stopped short of the door. Grimacing he thought about the impact that an open fire could have against him. It wasn't a lot, but he had to think as to whether continuing to watch this whelp of a Viking was worth it. He shrugged off the thought and followed the boy inside before the door closed behind them.

Hiccup, thinking he was alone, decided to discard some of his wet outer clothing and sat next to the fire in the middle of the open room. Jack took a moment to admire the craftsmanship. It was a beautifully built home, filled with weapons, helmets and furs, all that one would expect to see in a good Viking home. Jack could feel the naked flame against his cheek and began to feel slightly uncomfortable. He took a seat near the corner of the room where it was darker and less warm. Hiccup was chuckling to himself.

"Heh, knew they wouldn't think about the fact that there's still another hour or more until Dragon Training beginsâ€" Jack laughed in unison with Hiccup as he realised what Hiccup's plan had been all along.

"You know Hiccup, we should team up - I bet you could come up with all sorts of clever ideas for pranks. Not as clever as mine, of course, but maybe you'd at least be a challenge." Of course Hiccup didn't acknowledge the snow spirit's offer. No one ever did. Jack couldn't help but asking, though. He hadn't quite given up hope that someone might answer him some day.

The Viking boy sat glowing by the firelight. He wasn't facing Jack, but he was doing something that felt secret and reclusive due to his position. Jack, being the curious being he is, was having an inner argument with himself as to whether to wade closer to the heat in order to get a better look at what he was doing. Jack knew the heat couldn't hurt him, he was immortal after all. It was more just uncomfortable for him, like sitting on a hot beach for too long without any shade to escape to when need be. It made his chest feel tight with anxiety. He couldn't say why, of course. He had always just assumed it was because of his connection with anything cold, or icy.

With a grunt of exertion, Jack swayed freely towards the Viking boy, taking a crouching stance behind him, only balancing on top of his staff in order to give him a good view point of what the boy was doing.

The boy had out his sketch book, and was making intricate sketches of the Night Fury from before - Ones of it in flight, ones of it sitting, ones of it prowling over the rocks by the pool in the clearing. Jack's eyes came to rest on what he would decide to be his

favourite. It was one of the boy on top of the Night Fury, gliding with it in unison in the air. Hiccup looked happier in that picture than Jack thought he'd probably ever looked. The Night Fury looked happy too, with its imitation smile hanging on its face. Toothless, of course.

Jack came to rest his head just above the other boy's shoulder and turned to look him in the eye. Hiccup was too busy sketching away to have noticed Jack's proximity to him, even if it were possible. His emerald green eyes flickered rapidly with the work, patches of gold flowing through them in the dancing firelight. Jack wished to see them smile like the one eyes Hiccup had drawn himself with in the picture. He wondered if he ever smiled like that in real life. He hoped so. Even in his non-reality of a life, fun and happiness were what kept him rooted to this world. Whenever he saw the people around him happy and laughing, he knew that things were okay; even if he couldn't even decide for himself if he actually existed or not. When he saw them having fun, it didn't matter.

In a rush of spontaneity, Jack slowly blew ice-cold air against the boy's glowing neck. Hiccup started, turning his head to carefully eye the window for a space where a draft may have come from. The window was directly behind Jack, but of course, as usual, he'd been overlooked. Sighing despondently, Jack stepped off of his staff and returned to his place in the dark and slightly colder corner. He continued to watch as Hiccup shook his head and continued busily with his sketching.

"Maybe next time." Jack grunted.

A/N: NGH I hope you like it guys! :D Please review I'd love to hear what you think 3 Also I've just realised that my chapters are kind of short, I'll try and make these a little longer in the future :) I've got a bit more of an idea of where I'm going with this now so hopefully it'll all come together! :D Once again seriously you guys thank you so much for your support, I love this pairing so much so it's great to explore it in such a nice environment :3

End
file.